trails in the forest. Campfires still glowed around the monastery, people were still drinking, singing, and dancing, and groups of youths strolled from one fire to another. But the old monastery and the eternal forest were falling back into a slumber that would last another year, until the next annual feast of Allah Verdi.

The mayor, Emma, and I stood on the balcony of the monastery guesthouse, looking into the night, listening to the distant voices and tunes, fascinated by what we had seen and heard—an outburst of timeless happiness and friendliness of the people.

A STOP AT CONSTANTINOPLE

On the way from Tiflis to Batum we thought of our first trip from Batum to Tiflis, in the spring of 1918. How eventful the intervening two and a half years had been! We cherished the new friendships and experiences, the trust of our new Georgian friends, and hoped we would come up to their expectations. Personally, we were in better shape than after the ordeal of 1917—rested, relaxed, and closer to each other.

An Italian ship waited for us in Batum. From its deck we looked at the city, half hidden behind blossoming trees and surrounded by verdant mountains. We had no premonition that this was to be our last glimpse of Georgian—and Russian—soil.

The ship stopped at Constantinople and anchored in the middle of the Straits. Passengers were permitted to go ashore for three or four hours. We took a walk in the city and returned to the ship an hour before the time set for departure. A young man in Turkish uniform, a fez on his head, stopped me at the gangway and asked in French, "Are you Mr. Woytinsky?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

He showed me his badge and a card identifying him as an officer of the Inter-Allied Police. "I have an order to search your luggage."

The Italian major, whom I called in as a witness, protested, but the police officer showed a second warrant, to detain me. In our stateroom the sleuth opened one suitcase after another but did not touch anything until he saw a batch of issues of *Bor'ba*.

"You know this newspaper?" he asked me.

"Of course. I am its chief editor."

He took the bundle and asked us to go with him to the Inter-Allied Police station. The Italian major accompanied us. The station was a few blocks from the waterfront. A French officer led us to the private office of the police chief. Emma and I waited in the hall while the major disappeared behind an opaque glass partition. We heard him